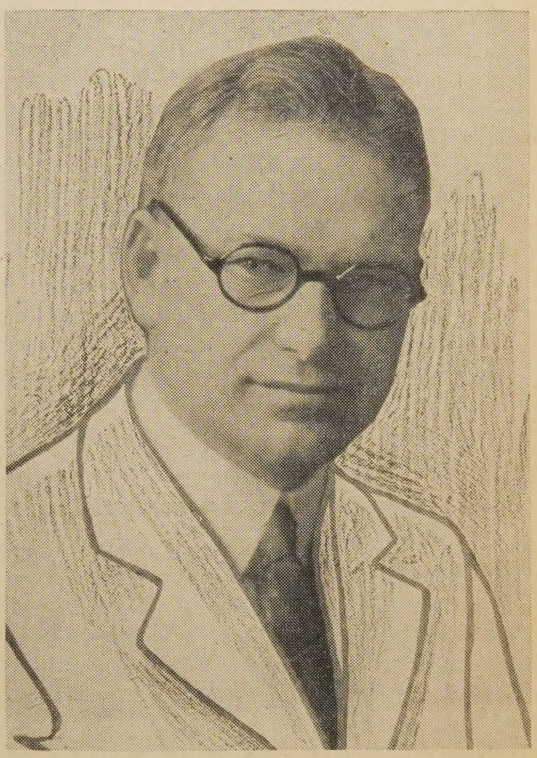
We have lost more by too much carefulness than we have lost by too much adventure. The disciple seems to me to say, "Well, the end is in sight." The judges and the prison and the cross are not far away. We can escape. But shall we? Is there anything to go back to? With this Friend of ours, so strange and so sublime, we have begun to enter into a life joyous and serene; we have seen mountain peaks that glitter and tower out of time; we have entered into a way of living that gives us a sense of the soul's significance and the consciousness of the mighty loving purposes that the Father is working out all about us. How little and mean and narrow are the old conceptions! How inadequate the old motives! And yet that is all there is to go back to. Well, as for me, I'd rather follow the vision to the end—the tragic end. I'd rather die for a splendid futility than live for barren and fruitless reality. If the hopes and faiths of Jesus are not true, they ought to be true. They are greater than what men call truth. Come, life holds nothing for us, let us make it yield its last sublimity—"let us go and die with him." One is reminded in this connection of the words of Dostoievsky: "There is only one figure of absolute beauty—Christ. That infinitely lovely figure is, as a matter of course, an infinite marvel. If any man can prove to me that Christ is outside the truth, and if the truth really does exclude Christ, I should prefer to stay with Christ and not with truth."

### *PITIFUL PRUDENCE*

Something like that deep conviction and brave abandon is needed in our modern life. We are pitifully prudent. We follow Christ where the way seems safe; we shun the dangerous heights. We give to him a partial sovereignty of our souls. We do not see how we could organize life altogether about his motives. We dare not plunge into the river, so we wade upon the banks. Here we are calling ourselves Christians but hardly daring to think what might happen if we applied Christ's ideals of love, brotherhood, cooperation and mutual sharing to the whole of life. Society is so complex, human nature so depraved, business so intricate that any large application of Jesus' motives might result ruinously. Yes, it might. There is always a high hazard in following him.

The other day these facts came to my attention—like incidents I have seen hundreds of times in less personal and arresting form. Two young women, both of them mothers and both of them beautiful homemakers—one of them the wife of a friend of mine—were in a tuberculosis sanatorium. Both of them made about the same slow progress. They became fast friends in their common battle for health. The physicians decided at last that they would stand a much better chance of recovery if they could be sent to a southern sanatorium for the winter. I saw my friend a few days ago and I asked, "How is your wife?" "Just fine," he said, "she will soon be entirely well." "What about her friend, the other patient?" "Oh, didn't you know? She is dead. There was no money to send her south. With the help of friends I managed to obtain the hundred dollars a month to pay; her husband could not find it and so my wife is alive and on the road to health and his is dead." Now multiply that by thousands in varied ways and you will know something of the meaning of the money culture in which we live. Better far go with Jesus—in his building of a kingdom of kindness; better go with him along ways of cooperation and human helpfulness; better try a system in which money shall be for use and not for power; better go with the Master and fail and die rather than cling to the petty prudences that make associated life so careless and cruel.

That is a brave and beautiful word of Jesus, "No man taketh my life from me—I lay it down of myself." Jesus does not mean he has a magic power by which he can defeat death. He is not speaking of some heavenly



WILLIAM H. BODDY

legion that will come and sweep his enemies away. He means he has a moral power by which he can overcome death. "No man snatches life from me," he says in effect. "I've seen something worth dying for. I could escape if I would—but I will not. I'd rather die for my vision than live for anything else. I have drafted death and I made it serve me. Come, death, I command you. Come, be my last offering to love and its redeeming power. Death, be thou the conscript of my faith! Ha! well may you cringe and falter! Where now, death, is your sting? No man taketh life from me, I lay it down—I lay it down—in reckless devotion, passionate and divine."

II.

And then this resolution of heroic despair—"Let us go and die with him"—suggests a moral attitude we are too likely to overlook. We live so much in a scientific age that the scientific method—the method of experiment—has become for us the way to all truth and the test of it. Even religion and morals and the reactions of the

human soul must be investigated by laboratory methods. We are suspicious of all intuitionalism. We have laid aside the harp and taken up the test-tube. The seer has fallen upon evil days. The saint is an artist in self-deception. But I think it is especially in the realm of moral decisions that we grow confused. Just how far can we carry on this matter of experimenting with what is right and wrong? Do the visions and ideals and social experience have no authority in themselves? If the light is shining on the hilltop and one turns away into the darkness to make sure it *is* darkness, can he be certain he will see the light when again he looks toward the heights?

Now, while none of us can help being grateful for the wresting of authority from the hands of an external and superimposed system, yet there is something wrong with this experimental method, as it is commonly conceived, in matters that concern the highest wellbeing of the soul. There is a sense in which tentativeness of conclusion—the very spirit and life of science—is calamitous to the soul. It is often true that the keen and shrewd analyst of life misses living altogether. Over against the trial-and-error method of science in the matter of the soul's high decisions and consecration, I set the method of *life committal.* It is, in fact, the very highest and most daring method of experiment. There are some currents in the ocean of life you can never know by dipping in feet and fingers; the only way to know those floods is to plunge in, determined either to be buried or upborne by them.

### *THE LIFE-COMMITTAL METHOD*

Recently I had a cordial note from some young people for whom I had read the marriage service a year or two ago. In effect they said this: "We know we have not yet lived long enough together to prove to others that our marriage is a success. But we know it is; for each day we love each other more, and we know that life will never change except to deepen our affection." To anyone who knows those young people there is no doubt that their prophecy of their future is true. But why? Because these young people have taken the life committal method. They are going to find out if it be true that "love never faileth" by submitting the whole of life, the hurt of life, to the test of love. Every trial marriage is a failure, and bound to be. There are some situations in life you can't approach with tentativeness and hope to prove their beauty and truth. Temporal experimentalism breaks down before those high moral hazards that demand that if one would know their truth one must stake nothing less than life upon it. Only the spirit that sees the possibility and cries, "Let us go and die for it if necessary" ever finds the radiant reality.

You see, then, what faith means—especially the Christian faith. It is not the enemy of scientific experiment, but it challenges men to an experiment that shall consume all their powers through the whole of life. Here is a faith that declares that a soul may lose itself in God and know harmony beyond the world's wist; a faith that holds that men are all brothers and have within them the capacity to live like members of a loving, cooperating family; a faith that insists that in personality are infinite spiritual values and that the true meaning of life—all life—individual, social, commercial, and political, is for the release and enhancement of these values; a faith that holds that there is no limit to the possible moral development of man and that points to the Man Divine and confidently cries, "We shall be like him, for we shall see him as he is." This is the faith that asks not that we make some little pietistic adventures in it; this is the faith whose Leader cries, "He that forsaketh not *all* that he hath, cannot be my disciple."

The fact, of course, is that the heroism of despair is never thrown away. This flinging of life into a cause supremely valuable, but which seems lost and defeated, is the only thing that saves the deepest elements of life and turns defeat into victory. They did go and die with him, and for that reason they will never die, nor will the cause for which they dared die. Some things are never true until reckless faith makes them true. The ideals of Jesus are impractical, utterly and everlastingly impractical, until men say, "Well, at least they are all in life that are worth dying for," and proceed to pour out life upon the altars of their vision—and then a strange thing happens—those ideals are not impractical any more. They are the saving strength of society. Christianity becomes true only when men die to make it true.

"Come let us go that we may die with him." "To whom else can we go?" Have you faced that bleak alternative? Is there any other ideal worth living for? Is there any Leader worthy of the sovereignty of our souls? Who else has words of eternal life? Aye, better die with him than live with anyone else! If his vision is not true, let us make it true. Let us die with him—let us climb the cross-crowned hill with him and leave the result with God. Let us dare a noble failure rather than grasp a petty success.

### *CHRIST "LET LOOSE IN THE WORLD"*

In John Masefield's "The Trial of Jesus," you remember, Pilate's wife is talking with the centurion who has superintended the crucifixion. "What do you think of his claims?" she says. He answers: "If a man believes something so much that he is ready to die for it, he is going to get others to believe it, too." She looks toward the central cross and "Is he dead?" she asks. "No, Lady, he is not dead." "Where is he then?" she cries in mingled terror and grief. "Let loose in the world, Lady, let loose in the world where neither Roman nor Jew can stop his truth." Yes, he is loose in the world. And they who are willing to die with him shall with him enter into the only sure success, the only true triumph in all the world.

I know not why the Evil,
I know not why the Good, both mysteries
Remain unsolved, and both insoluble.
I know that both are there, the battle set,
And I must fight on this side or on that.
I can't stand shivering on the bank, I plunge
Head first. I bet my life on Beauty, Truth
And Love, not abstract but incarnate Truth,
Not Beauty's passing shadow but its Self.
Its very Self made flesh, Love realized.
I bet my life on Christ—Christ crucified.
Behold your God! My soul cries out.

Still shines that face, the Christ Face, Like a star
Which pierces drifting clouds, and tells the Truth.
They pass, but it remains and shines untouched,
A pledge of that great hour which surely comes
When storm winds sob to silence, fury spent
To silver silence, and the moon sails calm
And stately through the soundless seas of peace.

# Isaiah's Vision

(A Sermon to Preachers)

**By Edgar A. Goodspeed**

*In the year that king Uzziah died I saw the Lord sitting upon a throne, high and lifted up: and his train filled the temple. Above him stood the seraphim: each one had six wings; with twain he covered his face, and with twain he covered his feet, and with twain he did fly. And one cried unto another, and said, Holy, holy, holy, is Jehovah of hosts: the whole earth is full of his glory. Isaiah 6:1-3.*

IT came over me only the other day that Solomon's temple was really only about the size of this chapel,* and of exactly the same proportions; the height once and a half the width, and half the length. It was perhaps two feet wider, three feet higher, and six feet longer; differences none of us would probably notice. It was in fact no more than a sort of palace-chapel adjunct to Solomon's palace.

It was in such a place, so small and so confined, that Isaiah had his tremendous vision.

It is not in the palaces and on the avenues that the heroes are born—if you have made pilgrimages to their birthplaces; and it is not in the hugest temples, cathedrals and churches that the greatest visions of God come to us; a thing the world always needs to be reminded of, obvious as it may seem.

Solomon's temple was still further reduced in grandeur by the cutting off of the front third of it to form an inner sanctuary to accommodate the ark of the covenant. And this was itself roofed over at a height of thirty feet, making it a cubical chamber thirty feet each way; and leaving fifteen feet above it, opening into the rest of the temple.

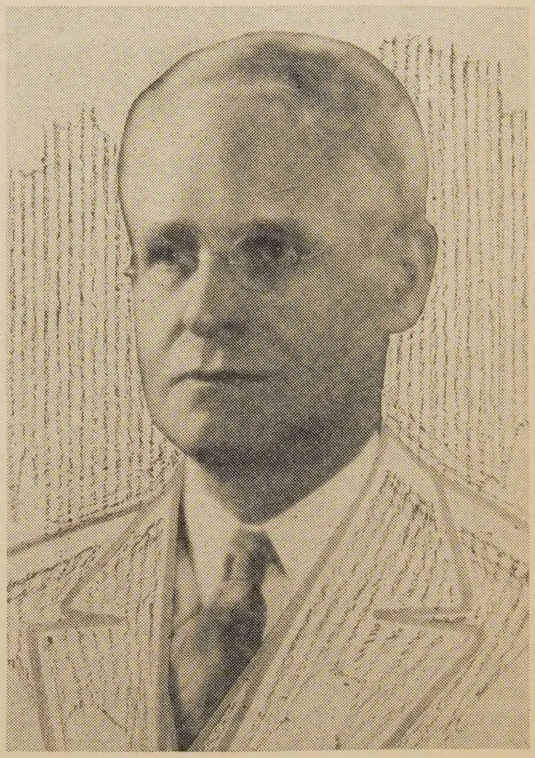
### *FINDING GOD IN SMALL TEMPLES*

But why go into these trivial details about an insignificant ancient building, devoted to a half-heathen cultus, long since departed? To remind ourselves that this little chapel is big enough to accommodate great visions of God. You might think Isaiah would need to go to Thebes or Memphis, with their huge temples, to find room for the projection of his views.

I remember Walker of Queen's College telling me years ago of his little country charge outside of Oxford, where he used to preach week after week to a little group of parishioners; and of how he felt when Archdeacon Charles asked him one day to come up to London the following Sunday, and occupy the pulpit of Westminster Abbey. But it was the same vision, I have no doubt, that the preacher uttered in the abbey as in the parish church.

For it was not in Memphis or Thebes that such great and inspiring visions came. Religion strangely enough does not seem to depend upon architecture or equipment. The Most High dwelleth not in temples made with hands.

So it does not matter if our churches are little and our congregations small; what matters is the vision we have; that must not be small, and need not be. For in such a little temple Isaiah saw God in all his purity



Edgar A. Goodspeed

and sublimity. Through the smoke-filled interior the prophet's eye saw the awful presence, his skirts filling the room, his wheeling seraphs in their ceaseless flight shielding themselves from his terrible gaze with their huge wings; and he heard their tremendous antiphony as they called one to another:

Holy, holy, holy, is the Lord of Hosts!
The whole earth is full of his glory.

It was a familiar place for Isaiah; but now it was transfigured by a new experience. A new sense of the exaltation, the splendor, the dignity, the holiness, the character of God comes over him, and marks a new stage in the religion of mankind. At the center of it all is goodness, sincerity, purity, holiness.

The old pilgrimage used to seek in change of scene new religious outlooks and horizons. And sometimes they may help in that direction. But not much. It does

*This brief sermon was delivered in Bond Chapel, at the University of Chicago, before a congregation of students and ministers in attendance at the sessions of the recent Ministers Week. (The chapel is 90 feet 2 inches long and 32 feet 6 inches wide.)



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not need a change of scene to make us religious, or more religious. The familiar places are really more likely to be fruitful for us. Isaiah was in his home town, and at his own church, as we should say, when his great moment came to him.

For it was his great moment.

He saw not only God; he saw himself, in a new way, in a new perspective, in God's presence. He was lost, for he knew himself for a man of unclean lips, in the midst of a people of unclean lips, unfit for sacred things. The discouraging sense of his own depravity and meanness cast him down. The vision was no mere emotional luxury; it meant a conviction of sin and a realization of baseness and insignificance.

Isaiah, the young aristocrat of Jerusalem, shriveled in its presence. In fact, he may in our Protestant terms be said to have been converted. For if the vision and the new consciousness of God cast him down, it afterward raised him up. It burned out the sin of his lips and left him clean. A sense of forgiveness came over him, a sense of peace, and readiness; and when the call came he was ready to say: "Here am I! Send me."

From a sense of general worthlessness he was raised to a consciousness of fitness, and then of mission: "Go and say to this people!"

### "HOLY, HOLY, HOLY"

This seems to have been the making of Isaiah. No doubt he was a very gifted and able man before, like many others of his race and time. But his glimpse of God gave him something to which he might devote his gifts and abilities. He spent himself thenceforth trying to impart to his fellow citizens some slight inkling of that great experience, so incommunicable in words, even for Isaiah.

As for his Ter-sanctus, "Holy, holy, holy," it became a part of the noble Jewish liturgy, and still lives in its soaring "Kadhosh, kadhosh, kadhosh, Adhonai Tsebhaoth!" It meets us in the Revelation, and in Bishop Heber's great hymn. We carve it in stone upon our chapels, and on Christmas and Thanksgiving nights we hear it on the air in the glorious music of Gounod's "Sanctus." The cry of Isaiah's seraphs is with us still, speaking to us across the centuries.

It was a hard and bitter task to which his vision called Isaiah. The prophet was to have no success. Jesus himself in a moment of irony appropriated the words:

> That they may look and look, and yet not see,
> And listen and listen, and yet not understand,
> Lest possibly they should turn and be forgiven.

It was no prospect of easy and great success that his vision brought to Isaiah; just the opposite. Nor did the future promise any encouragement. But he was all the same committed to hold up the truth that he had seen, even though it was so lofty that his people would not take it.

He was not instructed to find out what they wanted and give them that. It would not have required a vision of God to suggest that course to Isaiah. He had seen a great truth, a great ideal. He must never lose it nor forget it. He must be the bearer of it to his people and to all mankind.

What has it to do with us? It may remind us that we are not to measure religion by its success; its statistics; its elections. Do we need to be reminded?

### RELIGION AND "SUCCESS"

Professor Bernard Faÿ, of the College de France, who lectured here last summer, is reported to have said in a recent interview that Protestantism is at a discount in America at the moment because it had espoused prohibition, which has now been disowned at the polls. I am not so sure that Protestantism lost the last election. But Isaiah may at least teach us, if he has not taught Professor Faÿ, that religion is not the simple art of picking the winner. Professor Faÿ would probably consider Isaiah a failure; so far as I recall, he lost every election.

Religion has to do with great aims and high ideals steadily pursued, centuries perhaps in advance of their popular acceptance. Its chief danger is that it will yield to opportunism and look about for the winning side. The success of religion is not to be measured by its victories at the polls. They may be the measure of its failure.

To keep these ideals high, pure, true; undiluted, unaccommodated, undefiled, this is our task as teachers and ministers of religion. The men and women around us look anxiously to us to do this, even when they are not quite prepared to do it themselves. It was this that Isaiah's vision in the temple meant to him; it gave him a pole-star high above the centuries to fix his gaze upon.

It is this alone that promises to dignify, exalt and purify life. Squalid and sordid as the world about us may appear, there are such things as nobility, goodness, uprightness, holiness. We find ourselves falling into Paul's list of them: Love, joy, peace, patience, kindness, goodness, faithfulness, gentleness, self-control. These are still the fruits of the spirit of God; the things by which men live.

# The Sign on the Cross

**By Harrison Ray Anderson**

*And Pilate wrote a title also, and put it on the cross. And there was written, Jesus of Nazareth, the King of the Jews. This title therefore read many of the Jews, for the place where Jesus was crucified was nigh to the city; and it was written in Hebrew, and in Latin, and in Greek. John 19:19, 20.*

BY ALL the rules, we should be thinking, I suppose, of that strange procession which, headed by our Lord, moved in triumph into the city. There by deed and word Jesus set forth his claim to be a king. We have chosen, however, to follow that procession not as it moves into the city but as it forms again a few days later and moves out from the city to Calvary. Jesus, as he goes forth to die, draws a great crowd again, even as he did when he entered the city. There is this difference, however. The crowd of Palm Sunday was a cheering crowd. This mob is a jeering crowd. Now, in

that jeering and tumultuous crowd there are two figures upon which I wish we could center our thinking for a while.

The first is the Man with the cross—weary, bleeding, stumbling under the crushing load of it. We will remember him! The second is another man, probably a gentile, bearing a white signboard. It was the custom to write on such a board the name of the man to be crucified. Sometimes the one who was to die carried it around his neck as he marched to his cross. Then it was nailed above him. It set forth in words of black on a background of white the name and city and crime of the one who was to die. Pilate, not content with all that he had done in scourging Jesus and in ridiculing the Jewish mob as they called for the cross of Christ, did this also: he wrote a title, Jesus' accusation—though

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a false one. It was probably written to shame or ridicule the Jews. This sign was to stand near the city and was to be read by many. It was written in three languages, and it was nailed on the cross. It was "The Sign on the Cross." When the procession has come to the proper place, the Man with the cross is nailed to his cross. Some fellow-carpenter does this. The sign is likewise nailed above him. And there it stood then, and there it is remembered now—"Jesus of Nazareth, the King of the Jews"—written in Hebrew, in Latin and in Greek. Jesus of Nazareth—that was his name, and from thence he came; King of the Jews—that was his alleged crime.

It is especially about the multiple form of that inscription that we are to think. It was written in three languages. Pilate wanted all who passed, soldiers of Rome, leaders of the city, or the common people, to understand his stinging jest.

I.

The sign was written in Hebrew, the language of those who conspired and accused and delivered Jesus into Pilate's hands; the language of the temple and the religious leaders of the day; the language of the high priests and the Pharisees. So there, perhaps at the top of the sign, was the accusation in the language of religion—"Jesus of Nazareth, the King of the Jews." And under it Jesus, the Jew, of the family of David, hung dying. Here is the King of religion—said the jesting words of religion—thorn-crowned and naked and dying. Jesus King, said the sign above; Jesus dying, said the Man beneath.

### *WHAT RELIGION HAS DONE WITH ITS KING*

One hesitates to speak as to what religion has done, or rather has failed to do, *today,* with its King. But, if I am to say what I am to say later, then this must be said now. Jesus said to Pilate that the religionists of their day carried the greater blame. They had lied about him and had sought the power of the state to destroy one of their own and had declared they had no king save Caesar. So it seems to me today we who make claim to his faith must take the greater blame if in our world Jesus seems to have been dying again of late. We have refused to take Jesus, our king, seriously. We have done what Pilate did—we have taken the whole thing lightly and not in earnest. John Mackay, that brilliant young Christian statesman of whom you will be hearing more and more in the days to come, tells of great areas in our so-called Christian world where Jesus Christ is a dead Christ. Religion is written large over such lands, but Christ has died. Dr. Mackay's recent book, "The Other Spanish Christ," tells of the other Christ for them and for us—the living Christ; the Christ who, in spite of religion, refuses to die and will be King.

As I think of what our contemporary American religion has done to Jesus, I see it in the groups that gazed up at that sign that day. There are today's pagans. To them, as to the pagans that day the whole idea of a King of Love is a joke. Truth to them is secondary. Love is passion. Life is a jest and then a tragedy. We pass them by. There are the pharisees (ancient and modern, the best people of that day and the best people of our day, in many instances). They cry in words of orthodoxy today, "Jesus is King"; and they will make trouble for any who say otherwise. But having spoken the words with their lips or having written the letters with their fingers, they do not do what he commanded them to do—they do not love. Thus they become heretics of the heart.

### *OUR CONTEMPORARY RELIGION—AND JESUS*

They are not concerned to make him King in every area of our modern world. They want him King in a book of theology or in a classroom or in a church—as he should be—but as for a boulevard with unemployed men and hungry children; well, they are more concerned with the "streets of gold" where there is no suffering. As for a city such as Chicago, which is not square but crooked, they are more interested in a city far away which is foursquare. As for a present world which tomorrow may commit suicide with a new war and slip back into

the dark—well, they are more interested in a land which "in the sweet by-and-by" is to be "fairer than day." They, with their lifeless words and lack of love, crucify the Son of Love afresh. They have coldly and indifferently refused to take Jesus and his rule in our midst in earnest.

But another group gazes at the sign. They are the Sadducees—ancient and modern. They are the unorthodox. They have done in our modern world in the name of religion what Pilate, a sinful pagan, refused to do under pressure nineteen hundred years ago. They have changed the sign on the cross to suit their understanding. They do not say "Jesus of Nazareth, *King.*" They say such words are out of date in our advanced times. They say with others of old, "We will not have this man to rule over us." We do not mind him if he will be one of us, our brother (as he is) but we will not have him as a King, and never as a dying King on the cross. And they, too, put him, who is a King, forever to a new death. And in place they elect themselves, worst of tyrants, to rule and serve themselves.

### *"WHIRL" IS KING*

But the far greater portion of Christians today are to be found in neither of these groups of extremists. They look up with that great group of common people who then, as now, seem not to know what it is all about. Most of us here stand in that group as we gaze at the Sign on the Cross. We have named that Name, but we have refused to take the Name as the One which is above every other in our life. We have championed that cause, but we do not seek that kingdom *first.* We still have our morality in place of his righteousness and we still try to serve him *and* mammon. We make "Whirl" king, or "Pleasure" king, or "Money" king, but not Jesus. There are in this city as many theological seminaries as there were apostles then. There are ten times as many churches in this city as there were Christians in that city then or in all the world. What could they do here and throughout the world if this week they, by God's help, began to make Jesus Christ that which, thank God, they cannot unmake him—*King!* Nineteen hundred years ago the procession halted and then went on. God put night on the sign so that men could not see it, but God raised the Man to life, and they followed him out, and in his name upset the Mediterranean world. O God, set thy church afoot after their King anew!

II.

The Sign on the Cross was written in Latin—the language of government; the language of politics and statesmanship; and, I suppose, the language of commerce. There on the cross, in words which the soldiers and centurion could read, it was, in Latin: "Jesus of Nazareth—King." And under it the King was dying: put there by a ruler who a little later will destroy himself; sent there by a people for whom God was always to be King, who have declared they have no King save a pagan in a far-away Roman palace. One may look in any direction one pleases to see this thing reenacted—to the city halls of American cities; to our court houses; to our capitols; or to Geneva—government is government and business is business, and Jesus is not to interfere. Rulers join with religionists in crying, "We will not have this Man rule over us." We make "Booze" king and celebrate with more enthusiasm its return to the city than accompanied Jesus' entry to Jerusalem. We make "War" king and bleed our poor for armaments, which the poor must wear. And all the while there waits One, a Carpenter, who could rebuild our world after the pattern of God, if we would let him. And all the while there stands One in our midst whom we know not, who has a platform of a life for mankind, personal and social, individual and international, abundant and eternal; a rule for earth which is like heaven and not like the hell which modern Pilates have made of it. If we must have a dictator, why not Jesus Christ? He is the only One I know whose power is always controlled by wisdom and love.

Some years ago I heard Dr. Speer tell a story which Dr. John Kelman told on the last night of his American ministry. Dr. Kelman said that on the boat which brought him to America and to the Fifth Avenue Presbyterian church of New York city there was an American surgeon. The surgeon's name was Dr. Matthew D. Mann. His home was in Buffalo. It was this famous surgeon who had done everything possible to save President McKinley's life after he was shot. Dr. Mann, the surgeon, and Dr. Kelman, the minister, became friends on the voyage. Each evening they would meet in a secluded spot on the boat and talk. The surgeon was a very reticent man, but as they came together on the last night Dr. Kelman said that he burst forth with these words: *"I will tell you what we need. We need an emperor. The world needs an emperor."* "An emperor?" Dr. Kelman asked. "An emperor for our democratic world?" "Yes," replied the surgeon, "an emperor. And I will tell you his name—his name is Jesus Christ! There is no hope until we make him emperor."

We say we are a scientific people. Then why not *try* his way for our world?

III.

The inscription was written in Greek—the language of culture and education. There it was: "Jesus of Nazareth, King"; as a Greek jest. And under it he, who a little earlier the Greeks had sought as King, is dying. Above, in the verbiage of the school, Jesus Christ; under, the Teacher dies. Above, in words of culture, Jesus King; under, the Whitest Gentleman and the Bravest Knight gives up his gentle life. And that night in the night clubs of the city there could have been many a smart wisecrack pulled over Pilate's joke on the cross.

What has education done to Jesus Christ in our day? And what has culture failed to do? Well, you know and I know how once having built the school, the Carpenter in many places has been politely bowed off the campus. "For Christ and the Church" may be the motto still, but is it the dominant motive of education? They accept his funds, but do they live by his truth? When will the teacher take *the* Teacher at his word? And as for culture, it bows and smiles, and here and there names his name politely; but Pilate or Caesar are far better models for much of our so-called culture and its morals than Jesus with his ethics and his cross.

What could not happen if for one year the great forces of education, oral and visual, spoken and printed, sought to make him King? What could not happen if the leaders of society would take Jesus Christ seriously as the pattern for their culture and would seek to do his will? Unless they do, many who are now first shall be last.

### *KING OF KINGS AND LORD OF LORDS*

So men looked up and read the Sign on the Cross. Then it grew dark, and the jest is no longer a joke. Unless our world takes him in earnest it will grow dark again. Then, after the dark, God spoke a word which is not on a cross but in a garden. That is the word of the living, risen, glorified Christ who has come down from his cross, who was dead but who is alive forevermore. He asks us to fall in and to follow him, to follow him in religion, in statesmanship, in education and in culture, and for a new conquest of the world.

One of the last lads I buried in France was one who had been killed a few minutes before eleven on that foolish day. In his breast pocket, over his heart, was a New Testament. A second piece of shrapnel had struck him. It had gone through his pocket and part way into his Testament. I reverently opened it and found written, on a front page, these words: "I, Daniel Venzor, am leaving America to fight for my country in France. I pray God that he will care for my mother and that he will make me a good soldier of Jesus Christ." That was his desire. Then I opened to where the point of the shrapnel had stopped. It was on this verse of I Peter: "Honor all men. Love the brotherhood. Fear God. Honor the King." God grant us forgiveness and grace to honor him anew and to keep on honoring him until for us and for all Pilate's words shall be a jest no longer and he shall be for our world in reality "King of kings and Lord of lords."

Thou, whose deep ways are in the sea, whose footsteps are not known
Tonight a world that turned from Thee is waiting at Thy throne.
The towering Babels that we raised where scoffing sophists brawl,
The little antichrists we praised—the night is on them all.

The fool hath said—the fool hath said—and we who deemed him wise,
We who believed that Thou wast dead, how should we seek Thine Eyes?
How should we plead to Thee for power, who scorned Thee yesterday?
How should we kneel in this dread hour? Lord, teach us how to pray.

Grant us the single heart once more, that mocks no sacred thing,
The sword of truth our fathers wore when Thou wast Lord and King.
Let darkness unto darkness tell our deep unspoken prayer,
For while our souls in darkness dwell, we know that Thou art there.

# A Pastoral Prayer

**By Charles E. Jefferson**

ALMIGHTY God, Father of our Lord and Savior, Jesus Christ, we bow before Thee in adoration and thanksgiving. Give us the disposition of little children that we may approach Thee with boldness and glad hearts. When we call Thee Father, we lose our fears and dare to tell Thee the whole story of our sin and need.

We confess that oftentimes we are not at one with Thee. We do not think Thy thoughts, nor pursue Thy aims, nor nourish Thy disposition. A lower spirit takes possession of us and we become the victims of foolish ambitions and fall into wrong paths. Too often we do the things we ought not to do, and because of our cowardice and weakness we fail to do the things we ought to do. We are sorry. This is our consolation, that Thou art a forgiving God, ready to receive any child who asks for pardon. Give us the assurance once again that Thou art willing to blot out all our sins and to cleanse us from all unrighteousness. Breathe into our hearts the sense of Thy forgiveness and then will come peace and joy.

Strengthen us, we pray Thee, at all points where we are weak. If the god of this world has blinded our eyes, Lord, give us sight. Open our eyes to see things which are now hidden from us. If we have allowed ourselves to be coarsened by careless contacts with the world, and have dulled the edge of our conscience by stupid choices, inspire in us a fresh desire to live on a higher plane and crown with success our efforts to do better. Take out of our hearts all discouragement and despondency, and save us now and always from the gloom of despair. Since Thou art for us, who can be against us? Lord, we believe; help thou our unbelief. Lord, we hope; if our hope is dying or dead create in us a living hope which we shall never lose again. Lord, we love, but our love is feeble, and we would kindle it by pressing it close to Thy great loving heart.

We unitedly pray for the church universal. Bring all reverent minds closer together. Knit the hearts of Thy people into a richer and more vital fellowship. Cleanse the minds of our leaders that they may have clearness of vision and a firmer determination to do Thy will. Have mercy upon us because we fumble our problems and walk often with faltering steps. Give us the courage of the prophets and martyrs and of the Man who died upon the cross because he was true.

Bless our country. Be patient with us, for we are a rebellious people and often trample on Thy law. Baptize us into the spirit of penitence that we may give up our evil ways. Renew a right spirit in all classes of our people; give our rulers wisdom to guide our feet into the paths of prosperity and righteousness. Especially do we pray for our President, that his courage and patience may match the demands of these tangled days. Amen.

# "Why Hast Thou Forsaken Me?"

By John C. Evans

*My God, my God, why hast thou forsaken me? Mark 15:34.*

WHEN Jesus spoke this word, he came to the climax of the conflict which forms the heart of his religion for himself and for us. The religion of Jesus was a religion of conflict. At many points in his career we can see him advance step by step toward the final agony of that conflict which we recall today.

The naive story of his temptations is too true to be subject to a literal interpretation. The story is too true for that. It is a story that reveals the pattern woven into the very fabric of his career—a pattern made from lines drawn by the constancy of conflict.

The crisis at Caesarea Philippi was climactic. Whether he should return to his beloved hills or face resolutely toward Jerusalem to be delivered up to the enemies of honest appraisals of life, was the line of his struggle that day. There must have been a note of wistfulness in the question he put to Peter when he asked, "Whom say ye that I am?"

The climax was heightened in Gethsemane when he prayed that the cup might pass from him. When he asked that, his church slept and vainly sought peace when there was no peace. Never had Jesus preached peace of the spirit, but its sword. His life, then and now, waves a challenge of conflict which sets man at variance with himself and his kin. His life is set to show that there may be a good war and a bad peace.

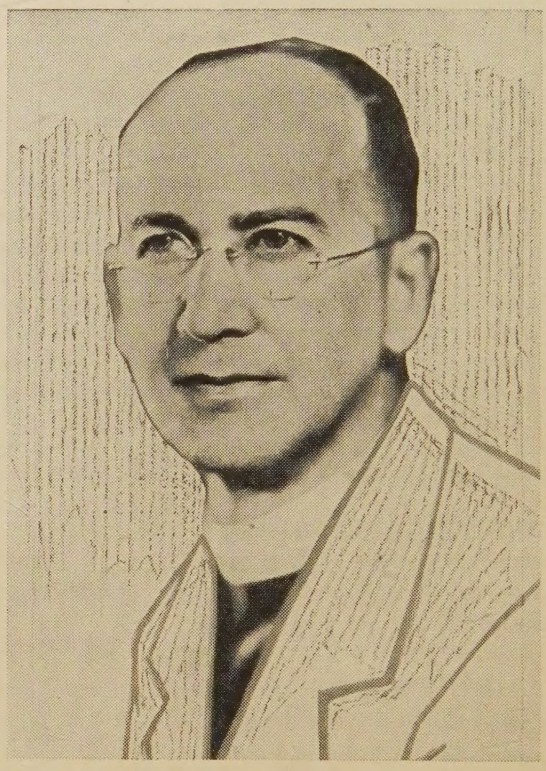
Man has been called "a beast maddened by a vision of perfection." That vision—never quite real, never quite false—goads us into frenzies. The God of Love, of Beauty, of Goodness, and of Truth is the only possible sort of a god who could taunt and torment the soul of man. That God tempts us with a painfulness that graduates from the lower capabilities of feeling of the human Tantalus to the supreme poignancy which could only be felt in the sentient perfection of Jesus Christ.

### THE SUPREME AGONY

The fourth Word from the cross marks the supreme and final agony of the Son of Man. He had forgiven his enemies and had pleaded their pardon; his dying neighbor on a nearby cross had received his blessing; devoted care had been assured to him for his mother—and then, with all lesser matters set aside, he turned from a receding earth and its desertion of him toward the battleground of conflict between God-nearness and God-forsakenness where all the sons of men are embroiled.

I hold that the meaning of the incarnation is that Christ recapitulates the story of mankind. Christ epitomizes man. He is humanity as Abraham Lincoln was the Union. He is ourselves when our eyes are turned from "tooth and claw" toward the dim distant figure of our own true selfhood. He is mankind in that outreach for him who for us is sensed to be only in that cosmic struggle between his nearness and our forsakenness. We have been treading where Christ trod and it may be that we have reached the cross to articulate the question: "My God, my God, why hast Thou forsaken me?"

In the days of the social childhood of the human race, God seemed to be very near to the social order of his people. He was the device for getting things done. He was the field marshal who saw to it that battles got themselves fought and that enemies were punished. He was the grower of crops and the harbinger of plenty. He was the source of special privilege and the fount of sacerdotal monopoly with all its flattering trappings.



John C. Evans

He was mankind's sole protection against the caprice of a depraved and immoral physical world.

In those days, God was near!

But now mankind is overtaken by a relentlessly reliable and well ordered universe. If that universe is not good, it is neither good nor bad. It is a universe subject to no caprice at all so far as we are concerned. Intervention in its course on behalf of a social group or an individual no longer may reliably be reported, if indeed such ever was correctly reported. We now ask whether or not the universe is even friendly to man, even though we might not go so far as to ask if the universe contains a Friend of man.

Although God's fragrance is wafted from the flower of the crannied wall, yet that fragrance now torments us. The beast is tantalized by elusive vision. God is felt in the sunshine and storm, but the god at the end of the rainbow is as a file of defaulted securities. Feverishly we reach toward the rainbow's end only to clutch unreality.

The conflict set by Jesus cannot be evaded. The

question it proposes now clamors for consideration. Sometimes it is asked thus: "Where are we in religion?" Again the query is, "Where are the churches going and what is becoming of them?" And again, "How can we think scientifically and live spiritually, uniting eternal values of the spirit with the new universe and its law?"

Only the self-deceived or those who worship at the shrine of the human waistline are able for the moment to evade these questionings. Many of us seek answer in moods of bewilderment, as if the old has become obsolete and the new is not yet real.

Others seek refuge in programs. No one realizes more clearly than I the beckonings of these self-seeking and boresome programatists. They arise on every hand. They point to this and that scheme and say, "Lo, he is here, lo there!" Ofttimes their blandishments sweep us into some big parade. But in later moments of quiet we hear the warning of our hearts, "Believe them not!" while in the same quietude we may be driven to the final form of all our questions, which asks, "Is there a God?" We plead our faith in him only to be answered by the increasing company who acclaim their faith that there is no God.

### *GOD'S LOVE TORMENTS US*

Through such a medley of conflicting voices and their contradictory programs we catch a glimpse of the outline of what was meant by him who prayed for himself, and for us: "My God, my God, why hast Thou forsaken me?"

The words reveal a torture far beyond that which may rack the body. Man is now learning that his most real pain, like Christ's, lies in deeper tissue than that which may be reached by the surgeon's scalpel.

We are slowly discovering that it must be God who brings our sorest torment. I know there are still those who sentimentalize and say that God never pains nor tempts us, but that somehow it is he who stands by us in hours of need to salve our wounds and lift us to higher ground.

But that is not so, at least not in the way the sentimentalist means it. God wounds men with his love. His love torments us. What greater agony can come to him for whom love has gained real meaning? Death in its cause is a sacrament, but when through selfishness of the human heart that love is denied it is love that hurtles a bloodless body from some height to crash in shapelessness on some city street. It is not hate that drives men to despair and madness, but the love they would abdicate.

Again we ask, who can stand unmoved in the presence of a prairie sunset? After-vision of such a sweep of grandeur turns the city's squalor into frightfulness. Who can think of more poignant torture than the memory images of the sweet lake country which held Wordsworth in their grip as he idled in London or tramped through France, consorting with Jacobins, toying with the love of Annette Vallon? His torment increased until at last it flung him back from the ugliness which the after-vision of beauty had created so that again he might see the hills and tarns which had nourished his soul.

So was it when my life began,
So is it now I am a man,
So will it be when I grow old
Or let me die?

Like beauty torments us, so truth taunts us and rends us. It is truth that tears at men's hearts, not error! But the truth of which we speak is not that childish truth to be demonstrated by some scholastic's syllogism; but mature truth which makes all other truth true. It is not that truth which is learned by schoolboys from books, but the truth which we must one day become. The presence of sham, if all were sham, would not make uneasy the soul of man. Our pain comes from the presence of truth that makes the sham ridiculous. Life's mystery is not that lies are told. The mystery rests in the presence of truth that makes them lies.

The book, "God the Eternal Torment of Man," written by the French preacher, Marc Boigner, quotes another Frenchman to whom Dr. Boigner acknowledges indebtedness for the dismal title.

"All questions," the quotation asserts, "revert to a unique problem, that of God; God the eternal torment of man, whether they strive to create or destroy him."

As I read the words, I recalled a tormented English poet, who in his despair, said:

For each man kills the thing he loves,
By all let this be heard,
The brave man does it with a kiss,
The coward with a sword.

Dr. Boigner wrote of the distinction made by Auguste Comte between two types of minds: those who need God; and those, living at variance with the nature of things, who reveal a need no less real to be rid of him. Nietsche's "Joyful Wisdom" was recalled by Dr. Boigner in support of this.

### *HAVE WE SLAIN GOD?*

"Where has God gone?" Nietsche cried. "I will tell you. We have slain him, you and I, all of us, we are his murderers. But how have we done it? How were we able to drink the ocean dry? Who gave us the sponge with which to wipe out the whole horizon? What have we done in detaching the earth from its sun? Where does it go now? Where are we going? Far from all suns? Back, aside, ahead, in every direction? Is there still up and down? Are we not wandering across a field of infinite nothingness?

"God is dead! God will stay dead! And we have slain him!"

That is what the presence of goodness does. Nietsche died stark mad.

Man is not the victim of madness because of the badness he finds in the world, even if all the world were bad. His madness comes because of the good he finds when he would be bad. The problem of evil is far more a problem of the good, and that is stupendous. It is comparatively easy to account for evil, especially in this day of glands and indigestion, but no man yet has given a full account of the good that makes evil bad. In no incident of Jesus' ministry do we find him pointing to someone's wickedness and giving a discussion of its

cause. On the other hand, Jesus was almost constantly engaged in shedding light on the Author and Source of goodness.

I suppose that no new areas of evil have been discovered since the dawn of history. Paul's indictment of man in the first chapter of Romans is as good today as it was nineteen centuries ago. But no one can question that new areas of goodness are opening every day. They reach beyond the bounds of present knowledge. I believe that new goodness will sometime tempt the explorer's spirit even as do the mountain tops or polar regions.

If unscaled Mount Everest taunts the romantic spirit of man, how much more should the glistening heights of goodness challenge his restlessness until he should assay ascent, like Christ, through sacrifice to its glory?

Jesus is the pioneer of goodness. No explorer of arctic wastes suffered as much as he. Although both were embattled in death struggles to open new areas for mankind, yet it was Jesus who fought in the cold conflict of God-nearness and God-forsakenness on Mount Calvary. Although he felt himself forsaken, as man feels forsaken, yet like the intrepid explorer who is ever drawn forward by what the eye of man has not yet seen, but in confident trust that it must be Good, so Jesus did not hesitate to cast himself on God although oblivion might be the cost. Though God had left him, yet he continued to call for him. Though forsaken, yet to him he gave his spirit.

# Flowers from Gethsemane

**By Ryland Knight**

*Then cometh Jesus unto a place called Gethsemane. Matthew 26:36.*

ON the walls of my study hangs a card of pressed flowers. It is labeled "Flowers from the Garden of Gethsemane." One does not usually associate Gethsemane with flowers, but rather with thorns and shadows. It is well to remind ourselves that some of life's finest flowers grow to their fullest and richest maturity only in the Garden of Gethsemane.

For sooner or later each of us comes to that Garden. Disillusionment brings us there, or disappointment, broken hopes, shattered dreams. And in our Garden of Gethsemane we will gather either darksome weeds or beautiful flowers.

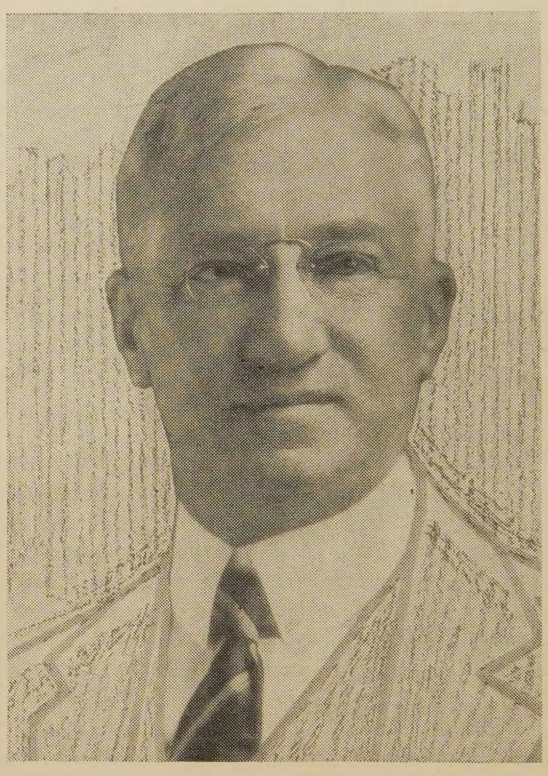
### *PRAYER OUT OF ANGUISH*

Prayer is one of the fine flowers which comes to its best in Gethsemane. What a glorious flower that is for human living. And how often in days of gladness, when life seems one grand sweet song, that flower is neglected and withers. But the shadows come. Some hour befalls us which wrings our hearts. And the hour of anguish becomes a call to prayer. "Out of the depths have I cried unto thee, O Lord." "From the end of the earth will I call unto thee, when my heart is overwhelmed."

For Jesus prayer was the normal refuge of his soul. How natural that he should turn aside to talk to his Heavenly Father about the tragedy which overwhelmed him. "And being in an agony, he prayed the more earnestly." The harder life was for him, the more he prayed. The prayer life of Jesus came to its finest flower in the anguish of Gethsemane.

### *FLOWERS OF FAITH*

Flowers from Gethsemane. There is no other garden where we may gather the fairest flowers of Faith. For faith does not have much chance to grow under bright skies. When life is merry as a marriage bell there is



Ryland Knight

little reason to doubt that the universe is good. In Galilee when the skies were fair and the crowds were friendly it was easy to see God's love in the flowers on the purple hillside and God's care in the singing birds. But Gethsemane was a different place. Here was loneliness, hostility, disappointment. Here faith, if it lived at all, must grow strong and vigorous. A minister recently received in one mail three letters, each about entirely different circumstances, saying, "If that happens, I will never trust God again." What were they saying? "We have faith for the sunlight, but not for the darkness. Our faith is not the fine and vigorous faith that grows in the Garden of Gethsemane."

But in the Garden of Gethsemane the faith of Jesus revealed its greatest heights. Do you notice the first word which he said when he entered the Garden? "My Father." He had faith that his Father could remove the anguish. "If it be possible, let this cup pass from me." But his faith grew stronger. Presently he was saying.

"If the cup may not pass except I drink it, thy will be done." That is faith's sublimity. "Amid the deepest shadows where I cannot see the reason why, I will trust my Father. 'Thy will be done.'" That is a flower which can be grown only in Gethsemane.

### *SYMPATHY FROM SORROW*

Another flower which at its best is seen only in Gethsemane is Sympathy. Nothing enlarges the horizons of the heart so surely as the hours of sorrow. Only as one himself walks through the shadows can he understand and help the aching heart. "Blessed be the God and Father of our Lord Jesus Christ, the Father of mercies and God of all comfort; who comforteth us in all our affliction, that we may be able to comfort them that are in any affliction, through the comfort wherewith we ourselves are comforted of God." In the hours of darkness we learn the fine art of speaking words of cheer. In his "Life of Sir Walter Scott" Lockhart tells how during a foggy night in London a man was making his way through the darkness and as he went was reciting the closing words of Marmion, trying to keep up his spirits with a song. He had reached the line, "Charge, Chester, charge!" And no sooner had he spoken it than a voice answered him out of the darkness and completed the line, "On, Stanley, on!" The passing wayfarer emerged out of the fog and under a lamp they met, brought together, in J. A. Hutton's words, "by the darkness and the poetry." They looked into each other's faces, clasped hands and passed on, each on his own brave way.

A father and mother of wealth centered their hearts' love in their only child. In the plastic years they took him abroad, that travel might enrich his life. There he sickened and died. As they were bringing his body back on the boat for burial they said one to another, "We cannot do it for him, but for his sake we can do it for other boys." So they built Leland Stanford, Jr., University as a living testimony to the breadth of soul, the enlarged horizon, which men find in their Gethsemanes.

### *STRENGTH OF SOUL*

Flowers from Gethsemane. Just one other: Strength of Soul. It was in Gethsemane that Jesus fought the greatest battle of his life and won his greatest victory. Having won that victory he faced the hours ahead with a sturdiness of soul which nothing could dismay. For out of that Garden he went to face the traitor, to be deserted by all his disciples—"they all forsook him and fled"—to suffer injustice in the high priest's house and indignities of the Roman soldiers, to be sent at last to Calvary's cross. But in those hours when men were beside themselves, when Simon Peter faltered and Pontius Pilate failed, when the chief priests rent their robes and the mob howled for his life, there was only one who kept his poise, whose soul was steady, who walked with unfaltering feet and certain tread. It was the man who had gone to Gethsemane and found there the secret of Strength of Soul.

Into the woods my Master went,
Clean forspent, forspent.
Into the woods my Master came,
Forspent with love and shame.
But the olives were not blind to Him,
The little gray leaves were kind to him;
The thorntree had a mind to him
When into the woods He came.

Out of the woods my Master went,
And he was well content.
Out of the woods my Master came,
Content with death and shame.
When death and shame would woo him last,
From under the trees they drew him last:
'Twas on a tree they slew him—last
When out of the woods he came.

Remember, you yourself determine what you will grow in your own garden. In your Gethsemane you may, if you will, grow the noxious weeds of doubt, rebellion, complaining, cowardice, surrender. Or in the Garden of Gethsemane you may grow the finest flowers our earth holds up to God, the flowers of Faith and Prayer, of Sympathy and Strength. May God help you to grow flowers in your Garden of Gethsemane.

# An Endless Life

**By Burris Jenkins**

*The power of an endless life. Hebrews 7:16.*

THE phrase, "endless life," has great power in it, whether men want it or want to escape it. It stirs them and thrills them whenever they hear it spoken. The intellectual aristocracy of Athens listened patiently to Paul until he came to that idea and mentioned the resurrection; then they refused to listen further. They had no tolerance for a belief in the after life. To them death ended all. Even the Jews were divided by this phrase into two sects, the Pharisees who believed in immortality and the Sadducees who did not.

The world today may be roughly divided into two halves, east and west, the former of which desires nothing so much as extinction, an everlasting sleep and a forgetting, while the latter is hungry for unending life. Even here in the west, almost any social group may be quickly split in two by the introduction of that phrase. Part of the group will express itself as believing unalterably in personal survival after death, and the other part will just as emphatically declare its skepticism or its complete unbelief. For my single self I belong to the former group and declare myself in harmony with the prevailing thought of the western world, the Christian world, that we shall survive as individuals, with memory and personality; that we shall see those whom we have loved long since and lost awhile, see them face to face and know them better than ever we have known them here.

Knowing how much our thought is controlled by our emotions I wish to consider here not "What I think about immortality" but "How I feel about immortality." I recognize how much the personal equation has to do with our thinking upon this and, indeed, all other topics; and since this is true, the best that I can do—or that anybody else can do—for others is to present for

Pacific School of

their consideration my personal equation upon this theme or any other. My faith, for that is what it is—not an unreasoned faith, however—springs from a hill in Judea, rounded and domed like a skull and called indeed Golgotha, "the place of a skull," with an empty tomb hewn out of solid rock in a garden at the base of the hill.

There is a green hill far away
Without a city wall;
There the dear Lord was crucified,
Who died to save us all.

There is no historical doubt as to what took place upon that hill, unless all history of so short a time as 2,000 years ago is open to doubt. We know that Jesus died there by hanging upon a cross. We know that his body, wrapped in white linen, was laid in a tomb freshly hewn from the solid rock and that according to the customs in that time and country a huge round stone, like a mill stone, was rolled in a groove to cover the entrance and was sealed with the Roman seal. Then we know that devoted women, always the first at the cradle and the last at the grave, women so faithful at heart that they never desert the place of sepulture of those they love, came in the early dawn with spices and sweet ointments to place upon the body of him they loved. We know that they debated between themselves as to how they should roll the great stone away from before the tomb. Pathetically hopeless, they did not in their wildest dreams anticipate that they should ever see him any more.

Then something happened, something strange, something eerie, something that shook their little world and has shaken the whole big world ever since. Just what it was I do not know; nor is it important that I should know. Only the consequences that marched out of the dim grayness of that near east dawn are of importance to you and me; for with the rising of the sun on that first Easter morning there burst full upon the world the hope of immortality and endless life. One thing I know, he did not end his life on Calvary. It goes on and on through all the stream of time that has flowed by since that first Easter dawn, and he still goes on, the most powerful personality and the most potent influence in human life, east or west, of this hour. He, and nothing else and nothing less than he, forms the foundation for my belief that my loved ones who have left me have not died.

### *IMMORTALITY CANNOT BE PROVED*

There are no proofs of immortality. No one can demonstrate, like a theorem in Euclid, that if a man die he shall live again. Some things are too great to be proved—like God, for instance. A man wastes his breath and his time trying to prove that God is. Humanity obstinately and incurably believes in God; and you cannot prove to humanity the contrary. Mr. Emerson once said, "I am sorry if I have been betrayed into saying anything that requires proof."

The poet of the lakes, Wordsworth, however, saw keenly and far when he coined the phrase, "intimations of immortality." There are plenty of intimations all about us. Over and over again the poets, who are the truest seers, have pointed out to us the return of spring, the bursting of the buds from dead limbs, the flowers that thrust up from frost-bitten roots, the resurgence of a resistless tide of life which, with the passing of winter and its deadness, gladdens all living things with a sense of resurrection. The primrose by the river's brim, the flower in the crannied wall, the bursting egg-shell, the broken chrysalis—all these are nature's poetry singing to us of unending life. I know this is not mathematics, nor legalistic demonstration.

If we must have science, let us turn to the indestructibility of matter and the conservation of energy. We have known since our high school days that no single atom ever goes entirely out of existence but only changes form. We do not burn up the wood and the coal and the oil; we only turn them from a solid to a gaseous state; that is, we only make fine particles of them and let them rise free into the air to recombine again in other forms. Indeed, we have just lately come to the conclusion that there is no such thing as matter, but only force; and that each atom of so-called matter is made up of opposite poles of magnetic force to which we have given the name electrons. Moreover, our high school doctrine of the conservation of force still remains unchallenged. Force never dies, never is lost; it may be only dissipated, scattered, altered, to recombine again in other forms of manifestation.

Burris Jenkins

Now one of the forces which is most evident to our perception is that vital force which we call life. This frame of mine, it is nothing—ninety-eight per cent water, is it? What little lime and mineral there is about me would make scarcely a handful when the crematorium had done its work. But there is something else there, some mysterious force, some power which can send its broken words out through the ether to thou-

sands and tens of thousands of other vital forces which can take them in. What is that vital force? What gives it memory? What can ever destroy that force or eternally break that memory? It is hard to answer that question on a purely mechanistic view of our world and all the worlds. I know this is only an intimation, but the burden of proof rather seems to me to rest upon those who deny that this force we call life goes on and on and knows no end.

### "ONE CLARION VOICE"

These intimations, I freely confess, were not enough for me, unbuttressed by something more steadfast and more sure. Amid all the doubting and hesitating voices, therefore, that have ever spoken upon this theme throughout all the centuries, so far as their words have been recorded, I turn to that one clarion voice which rings like a bugle across the centuries, with no tremor of hesitation or doubt in it—the voice that spoke in some mysterious manner in the grey dawn of the first Easter day to those loving and awe-struck women.

Nobody else has anything to tell me about my future life. He has; with a calm assurance he declares that he has. He knows, and knows he knows. What, then, does he tell me? He says: "Because I live, ye shall live also. In my father's palace are many apartments. If it were not so, I would have told you. I go to prepare a place for you. I am the resurrection and the life. Whoever has seen me has seen the father. This day shalt thou be with me in Paradise." I don't care how many of these words have been translated into the Greek atmosphere of Asia Minor at the close of the first century. Undoubtedly he implanted the idea, even though it was later clothed in the terms of a beautiful Greek philosophy. The idea is there, not to be disguised, not to be misunderstood, plain and simple and clear, so that the veriest fearful child, afraid of death and the dark, cannot fail to comprehend. Like Emerson, he does not undertake to prove. He never undertook to prove God, but talked as if to little children about "my father and your father." So about endless life, he says in that simple, matter-of-fact fashion of his, "If it were not so, I would have told you." These words of his, this calm assumption, this placid certitude is the ground of my faith in unending life.

### A WELL-REASONED RELIGION

Nor is this docility on my part a surrender of my reason to the authority and the dominance of an outside personality. On the contrary, I reason that he whose words have been tested and tried as no other words that ever fell from human lips, by 2,000 years of experimentation in social life, in individual aspiration, even in jurisprudence and statecraft, and have proved true to all that is finest and best in human relations, he could not have been mistaken or deluded upon this, the most vital question that men ask of themselves and of the mysteries that surround them: "If a man die, shall he live again?" I insist that mine is not a religion of authority, a faith dominated by an outside force; but that it is a religion well-reasoned, founded upon cool judgment, and even grounded in the best science and philosophy at our command.

Neither am I alone in cherishing it. The most independent minds, the most rational and the most stalwart of modern times have believed and do believe as I do, and stand upon the same sure ground. Bergson, the French philosopher, though not a Christian, declares, "I firmly believe that we maintain our individuality after death." Even Tyndall, scientist and rationalist, says "that only in dull, depressing moments does this faith lose its hold on the heart." John Fiske, the American philosopher, utters his creed: "I believe in immortality as a supreme act of faith in the reasonableness of God's work." Is it necessary to cite the German poet Goethe, or the German philosopher Immanuel Kant, or the English poets of the Victorian era, Tennyson and Browning, or the greatest men of science of today, Sir Oliver Lodge, Sir Arthur Keith, Michael Pupin, Robert Millikan? Oh, the thinkers are legion who bear me company in a reasoned and reasonable faith that death is but an incident, only life's most beautiful adventure.

### THE LOGIC OF OUR FAITH

When, then, shall the time ever come that we shall adopt the logic of our faith and cease to mourn so bitterly and almost helplessly when those whom we love hie away upon their beautiful journey?

Where did he go and where shall we go? I do not know and I do not care. I don't think we shall go to any place, be bounded by any local habitation or restricted to any material sphere. Spirit with spirit shall meet; we shall see as we have seen before; we shall remember, for memory is the very essence of personality; we shall communicate not with tongue and gesture, but heart to heart and soul to soul. We shall post over land and ocean without haste upon his errands, as Milton says. We shall have work to do, and play, and unending liberty. Sailors shall sail if they want to; carpenters shall carve; singers shall sing, and painters paint, and thinkers think. Players shall perform their dramas with mountains and clouds for scenery, and forests unending for their setting, and blazing stars for their footlights. All shall play as children with a lightness of heart and an exuberance that no untoward incidents may ever mar. Let your imagination play as it will, it cannot go astray, for the logic of the premises of Jesus sweeps upward and outward through the blue, the ether, and all whirling stars of light. No rhetoric and no music, no poetry and no eloquence can set it forth, "for it hath not entered into the heart of man to conceive what shall be."

This, and nothing less, I take to be the triumphant lesson of Calvary and the empty tomb. I believe in the power of an endless life. I reach that belief not from the intimations of immortality, though they are many; but I reach it from the word of Christ, the life and the death of Christ, the resurrection and the unending power of Christ. From that belief flows freedom from fear, fear of death and of separation; flows willingness to depart at any time, sure that the separation, like man's life, is but a breath; flows freedom from bitter grief, from heart-eating and hopeless misery, from the dread and fear of graveyards and gravestones; flows anticipation that the best is yet to be.

All this is not ecstasy, but firm and reasoned faith, the faith that comes to us across the centuries out of the mysterious greyness of that first Easter dawn. Lord, we believe; help thou our unbelief!

# That Silent Man

By Ralph Marshall Davis

*He openeth not his mouth. Isaiah* 53:7.

HOW immovably silent Jesus can be! Our masterful day dwells approvingly on his prodigious activity, his vital sayings, his muscularity. We make what he "both began to do and to teach" his credentials of historical importance and his values for our own personal interests. Yet, he is never more interesting than when relaxed into responsible leisure. It is but a partial appraisal to think of him as always feverishly doing something or saying something. He is a figure of vast restraints. His hidden reserves always suspected are never fully exploited. At times he baffles us with his refusal to say anything at all and with his unwillingness to do anything at all. His silent immobility is quite as dynamic as his eloquence.

The paradox of his studied inactivity is seen in the general attitude which he often manifests. Few men are attractive on their negative sides. Jesus is. He has won his way through centuries inviting vivisection at the hands of each succeeding generation. He has never feared analysis. Yet while unafraid of what men may do to him, he quietly escapes from their midst. Endowed with great common sense, he is never in the least commonplace. He refuses self-defense, offers no rebuttal, no apology. He loads great ideas on the backs of tiny monosyllables. (Who has charged him with obscurity, vulgarity or silly perspicuity?) No writer of books himself, he has inspired a veritable army of writers. He leaves the mediocre extraordinary. Boasting no cleverness, mankind has voted him genius. He can do small things with artistic greatness. He can do great things with perfect simplicity. He expresses amazement but he is never shocked, never surprised. He is the one man whom time never found unprepared. A teacher yet never pedantic, young but never puerile, inexperienced yet inconceivably wise, a philosopher who never philosophizes, learned but never academic, scientist but never technical. He is a lawyer without laws, a physician without medicines, a preacher without homiletics, priest without altar, king without roof over his head. What he was not is quite as characteristic of him as what he was, and what he omitted to do is quite as vital as what he did.

### *Jesus' Ideas Beget Life*

However, he has impressed the world by what he has said. Men think of him as a speaker of words. In this element he is incomparable. He believes in the durability, the immortality of words. When he uses them he is sure the unborn are listening. Sooner the stable heavens fall than a seemingly fragile word of his fail! He knows the disaster of idle words. He is so sure of the value of his own that he compares the keeper or the neglecter of them to houses built on rock or on the sand. He gave the world a few spermatic ideas which, as life begets life, have become the blood of men and of man. He assumed the words of his mouth to be the mind and will of God and spoke them inspired and inspiringly. His objectors recognized his unique authority although they disapproved of it. "Never man so spake." Committing nothing to parchment, he commits all to the hearts of his followers. Believing that men live on words rather than on bread, he stocked the failing intellectual and spiritual larder of mankind with supply inexhaustible.

If he is interesting in what he says, he is interesting in what he omits to say. Jesus has disappointed many because he did not say more. He is not a babbler. He doesn't tattle. He doesn't entertain. He never seeks to amuse although he has humor. Neither does he satisfy a mere speculative curiosity. He accused Nicodemus of spiritual obtuseness and moral stupidity, leaving him on the upper balcony confused and stunned. He knows that he cannot remove men's ignorance; that they have to remove their own ignorance by making use of him. Jesus doesn't tell everything he knows. No wise man does. He is quite aware of the danger of a vulgar and complete revelation of personality. "I have many things to tell you but ye cannot bear them now." Such is his method of developing the uninitiated. He never chatters. He has the genius of restraint. He knows the meaning of the lacunae of life. He is skilled in deliberate silence. He excites curiosity by leaving things unsaid. He stimulates the imagination by his taciturnity. He discourses to some groups, refuses to say a word to others. To some he opens his mouth "plainly," to others he speaks consistently in "parables." He singles out one man from a crowd, speaks to him, leaves the rest in the dark. He mildly rebukes his mother for her premature enthusiasm, calls down Peter for his unwarranted elation and refuses to charge Judas with his infidelity. He respects the abilities of people by not becoming disconcertingly obvious. He labels his proverbs, revitalizes his quotations, is never "smart," is devoid of platitudes. When he says "behold" the world opens its eyes and prepares itself to see something and when he "stretches forth his hand" that same world understands that vast powers are about to be released.

### *The World's Most Silent Leader*

Jesus is the most silent of all the conspicuous leaders of mankind in the field of religion or outside of it.

He was silent about himself. Seldom does he rise to a defense of himself—his past, his credentials, his authority, his powers, his person. Curious, eager, inquiring, skeptical, speculative, scrutinizing are the throngs of people about him. He says much but he leaves most of his hearers argumentative and unconvinced. What a temptation to range himself on the defensive, to enter interminable detail about his person, to slay his enemies with an epigram, to relieve the mystery involving him! Jesus is no heavenly gossiper. He makes revelation the obverse side of discovery.

He was silent about his Father. His auditors want logical, water-tight proof. He calmly asserts. He can be positive without being dogmatic, assured without being insulting. He says much about God. He might have said more but to have said more would have defrauded God of his dignity. More knowledge would have but added to his mystery. In fact, Jesus does not intend to

disrobe man or God of that legitimate mystery which belongs to both. How insipid, unattractive, and uninteresting that person of whom we know too much, too well. Facts are wearying and unromantic. Revelation too fully given is always disappointing. Rob us of mystery and we are robbed of meaning. Every stupid generation says, "Show us a sign." "Tell us everything." Critics often misunderstand his silence. Jesus doesn't tell everything he knows. He is a marvel of suspended judgment. Men asked him questions. They ask him questions now. It takes either a very brave or a very foolhardy man to ask Jesus Christ a question. Most of us are afraid of his replies. Do his will and our theological disputings find themselves strangely answered. Love him and we discover him. Pray more, and we have

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fewer questions to ask. Devotion is the cure for impertinence. Loyalty silences skepticism. Practice his presence, and we learn a serenity that refuses language to enjoy it. Worship is the antidote for inane discussion. God is his own reply.

There are a number of specific incidents in the life of the Master which illustrate his power of provocative restraint. He can be so silent and yet eloquently silent.

Out on the lake, storm, wild waves, howling winds, fearful disciples, futile rowing. In the boat there is one who, because of the silence of his soul, can successfully lull the noisy, howling, frantic, chaotic environment into peace. Admitting all the gains of our brilliant modern civilization, we have not found as yet the way of a great calm. Panic strikes terror still. The ninety-first Psalm is poetry but not panacea for most of us. We know safety first but not always salvation. The one unperturbed figure in the midst of this moiling, toiling, roiling century is the Master himself. It takes a soul in which there reigns a great peace to say "peace." Only the silent can say, "Be still." Jesus would have resented his being called a brave man. He had not courage. He had more —a great faith.

### *HIS ELOQUENT SILENCE*

"Jesus stood still." Importunate blind man, noisy thronging people, impatient disciples at Jericho's gate. No better illustration of the true greatness of Jesus than that he "stood still." It takes time to stand still. Ordinarily we measure success by activity. Meditation is regarded by a rumble-seated generation as inefficiency. Waiting on the Lord has been displaced by a hectic "going-about-doing-good." But in the rabble throng, Jesus' voice could be heard above the clamor because of the great silence within his heart His voice was strong because it couldn't be heard.

"Answereth thou nothing?" Thus Pilate. What an opportunity for loquacity, with Pilate both judge, law and jury! What an occasion for oratorical display! What a man to keep silent! Jesus' life is at stake. A world to be converted. The elite of Jewry's leadership for an audience. "Now speak out! Say something!" But he doesn't. King meets king. Why talk? Royalty detects royalty. Breeding, culture, bearing, tradition, regal eyes—all impress Pilate. There is no need to talk. Jesus of the stuff of kings sees, knows and understands the pitiful degeneracy into which rule had fallen—the rule represented by this strong man from the Tiber. Pilate with correct appraisal sees, knows and understands the high spiritual qualification of this uncrowned son of David. There is nothing to talk about after penetration and mutual recognition.

### *WE ARE "SHORT" ON SILENT MEN*

He "stoops and writes on the ground." Embarrassed, blushing, silent, it is all that he can be and do. Around him the shouting of the woman's condemnation. Hypocrites are hurling their pious and vulgar accusations. They are quoting rigid laws and are prepared to hurl indignant stones. The crouching woman is terrified and crushed. Her champion is utterly silent. Jesus is chagrined at his fellow men. He is thoughtful rather than vocal. Why not become popular and join the accusers? What rights has a fallen woman? To sympathize with her is to condone and to aid her is to impeach oneself. To take issue with the popular frenzy of the moment is to incur oblivion. Why not shout with the shouters? He "writes on the ground." O strong and silent man!

Our day needs this old, new teaching on silence. We have our devotees of complacency, of leisure, of comfort, but we are woefully short on silent men. We talk and hear talk. Noises, screechings, janglings, screamings, megaphones, jinglings, tinglings, gossipers, noise-makers—we have them all. We know the voice of fire and of storm and of earthquake but do we know the still, small voice threatened with extinction in a vociferous age?

O, Master, give us the desire to cultivate faith, hope and love like thine and to learn that these become the voiceless, silent energies of the radiant, competent life.

# What Is the Minister's Business?

By Carl S. Patton

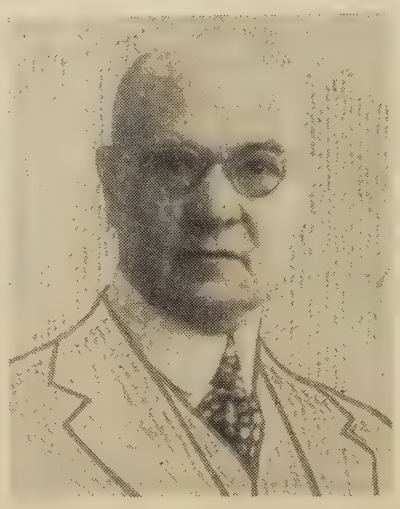
THE minister's task may be roughly divided into three unequal parts, which may be called the practical side, the pastoral side, and the pulpit side. I begin with the practical side.

A good deal is said these days about "church management." The minister is fortunate whose church does not require much management. My first two churches were churches of that kind. One of them was quite ideal in this respect. I did not have to manage anything. The trustees managed the finances. The deacons managed the benevolences. The janitor managed the building. The music committee managed the choir. All I had to do was to manage myself. If I did not always do that very well I at least read endless books, started myself on lines of study not yet run out, made the acquaintance of many men of commanding character and stimulating intelligence, and did the best I could between Sundays to prepare something worth people's listening to when Sunday came. Since I have come to minister to churches in which more management is required I look back with some wistfulness to a church that largely ran itself.

### ● *Church Finances a Practical Problem*

But some management the minister usually has to give to his church. The management that doubtless bothers him the most is that of the finances. Many ministers give themselves more concern about this item than is necessary or justified. Or perhaps they do not begin the management of church finances back far enough. For the finances of a church should be the easiest thing about it to manage. When the finances are wrong that fact generally indicates that something else is wrong. The church is perhaps spending too much. Or there is some disaffection in the church which makes people unwilling to give what they can and should. If the feeling in the church is right; if people are convinced that the church is doing what it ought to for them and for the community; if they approve of the minister and he seems to them to be the right man for the place and to be doing his best, the money usually comes in. If any of these things are lacking, nobody can bring the money in. Nobody can make people give more than they want to. The only thing to do is to get them to feel like giving more. That responsibility is largely the minister's.

This does not mean that church finances will run themselves. The congregation must be kept informed. Opportunity must be given for every person who has any responsibility for the church or any interest in it to give what he will. People must be told how much money is wanted, what it is wanted for, and what has been done with what has already been given. In this the minister must help. In fact, he is often the only man in the church



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who can do much about it. But his main task with reference to the management of finances is to see to it that the church is in such condition that people will want to give money to provide for its activities.

### ● *The Importance of Pastoral Work*

Most ministers neglect their pastoral work. I make no pretense to being qualified to cast the first stone, at this point. Not that ministers are idle. Few men are more continuously employed than they are. But when I have something that ought to be done and that I do not want to do, I look around to see if I can find something else that ought to be done that I like better. Many ministers apply this simple principle quite too consistently to their pastoral work. There are churches where the minister can do little beyond calling upon the sick, taking charge of funerals, going to see people who are in immediate stress or trouble of some kind. But it is a great loss both to minister and parishioners when the parish is too large and scattered, and when the minister is too busy with other things to allow him to do more than this.

To younger ministers perhaps a word out of forty years' experience may be worth something. When I was facing the Christian ministry I asked myself, with some consternation, how I could ever go to a house where death or something worse than death had occurred. What should I say? I soon learned either that I would know what to say when I got there or that it was not necessary to say anything. In most instances what people in trouble want is a sympathetic listener. They will either supply the minister with something to say or will say it themselves. Sick people like to talk, mostly about their own sickness; if they are too sick to talk they are too sick to listen to the minister.

### ● *Some Funeral Problems*

There has been great improvement in the last generation in the conduct of funerals. They are much simpler and less harrowing than they used to be. Often people are best pleased with merely the reading of the scripture and a prayer. When they want a few words said by the minister, and he has been acquainted with the person for whom they are to be said, there is no difficulty. When people come to me and want me to say something at a funeral about someone whom I have not known at all, even then it is not difficult. I merely talk with them a few moments and then at the service I say over again in my own words what they have said to me. I do not necessarily recommend this way. It is only what I do myself. But as a rule the things which people tell the minister about anyone for whose funeral they are arranging are just the things which it would be well for the minister to say at the service.

### ● *The Pulpit and Its Supreme Opportunity*

There has been much talk about the supremacy of the pulpit. Its supremacy, as compared with that of the school room or the law office, is a matter that can be left to itself. It will depend on whose pulpit and whose school room or law office it is. But the supremacy of the pulpit inside the church itself is up to the minister. This supremacy he will maintain not by asserting it but by simply making it obvious. And he will maintain it, not out of vanity nor from a mere love of talking in public but because, as matter of fact, if the pulpit goes to pieces the church goes to pieces. Churches must have good music; and people will stay

away if it is bad. But they will not usually come just because it is good. Churches must have the best possible religious education. The Sunday school has too often been a place where children were taught things which the minister was doing his best not to teach their parents. Religious education cannot be too good. People who have intelligence regarding the religious teaching of their children will appreciate it if it is good. But they will bring or send their children to Sunday school and stay away from church themselves if the man in the pulpit is flippant or dull or uninteresting. The minister must work faithfully on his sermons. He must read for them, study for them, work on them to get them into the best shape of which he is capable. Somebody else can do everything in the church except preach. Only the minister can do that.

People seem to like human preachers. Anybody can avoid being superhuman; but many people, including preachers, now and then get sub-human. People like preachers who are not too far removed in outlook and feeling from the best of the people to whom they talk. They like honest ones, too. The question of liberty in the pulpit is not ordinarily a serious one. The preacher generally has as much liberty as he deserves and knows how to use. If people have confidence in him, if they feel he is saying what he believes, and if he does not say it dogmatically but allows for a liberty of hearing as well as of speaking, they are generally willing to listen to him even when he says many things which they do not themselves believe. This is true not only of theological matters, about which most people these days do not care much. It is true even of social and economic questions. People do not respect a man in the pulpit if they feel that he is trimming. If they complain of what he says he should not take that too seriously. It is at least an indication that his message has gone home.

### ● *The Preacher Must Be Loyal to the Truth*

In order to speak his mind in a way to do any good the preacher must have all the art, skill and patience that he can muster. He must have good nature, and above all a real love for his people. It is not well for him to aspire to be a martyr unless it is necessary. He must not mistake mere contentiousness for a love of the truth. He must always remember that the truth which he loves is only the truth as he sees it. But, after all, he must speak his mind. And people want him to. That is what he is in the pulpit for. People will not long listen to him if he is only an echo, even if he is an echo of their own ideas and convictions. They would rather hear a man who says what he thinks, even when it is not what they think, than to hear one who they know is saying only what he thinks will please them.

Not many eloquent preachers seem to be needed these days, at least in the old and commonly accepted meaning of the word eloquence. Some men will be eloquent in the pulpit, either because they were trained in the eloquent tradition or because they are born orators and cannot help it. And there is a place for eloquence, as for humor, pathos or anything else. But none is more tiresome than the speaker who tries to be eloquent when there is no occasion for it. And the occasion for it is generally infrequent.

### ● *Studious, Not Bookish Preachers*

We need studious preachers. I would say "scholarly," except that that word might seem to demand too much in these days. People do not like bookish preachers, or pedantic ones. An unnecessary display of learning is always offensive, in the pulpit as out of it. But the artificial authority of the preacher is gone. He has only the authority of his own character and intelligence. He may not have time to be a scholar in the older and politer sense of the term. But a student of human affairs in general and of the Christian religion in particular he can be. The history, philosophy and literature of Christianity he cannot know too thoroughly. About these subjects, as they listen to him, people must feel like saying, "He knows what he is talking about."

What should preachers preach about? So far as I see there are only two things they can preach about. They are personal religion, using the words in their largest and most inclusive sense, and the coming of a kingdom of God in the world.

### ● *Personal Religion is Fundamental*

Personally I am interested in liberal religion, because that is the kind that is calculated to last and grow. But even so the religion is more essential than the liberality. No pressure of public problems can make personal religion superfluous. It only makes it more imperative. People must believe something. They must feel in their own hearts the awe and reverence appropriate to small individuals in a vast and complicated universe. They must have help in meeting their disappointments, disillusionments and reverses, which come in good times as in bad, but come thicker and faster in a time like this. They must if possible be made to feel themselves part of an ongoing order that has their happiness and spiritual welfare at heart, and so be able to see a larger than merely personal significance in their own lives. They must have the urge toward good-doing that comes from a deep-seated belief in human brotherhood. They must think worthily of God, and of mankind made in his image. They must be able to hold some faith, in a world where many things seem to contradict it. If they are to do any great good, or to get any great satisfaction out of life, they must have some peace in their own souls.

All this comes under the head of personal religion. Was there ever a time when it was more necessary than it is right now? To encourage and instruct and assist people in it will always be one great business of the preacher. He can never get away from that.

### ● *Preaching Justice and Good Will*

And next to personal religion comes the application of justice, fairness and good will to all human relations. Personal religion is to be applied to practical human affairs. A personal religion not so applied, but kept for purely individual purposes, for the salvation of one's own soul in indifference to human suffering and injustice, is only a drug for the spirit.

From this angle, nothing that affects human well-being is foreign to the interest of the preacher. Every economic problem has its moral side. The spiritual life is never wholly independent of the kind of houses people live in, the kind of wages they get, the kind of chance they have, the way they feel and have a right to feel about how they are treated in the world. Here there is no limit on the preacher except what his own good sense and the need of character of his congregation impose.

I suppose this matter is clear and that there will be no dispute about it. The lack of personal religion robs a man of his motive, or unnecessarily limits and restricts it, dulls his idealism, hampers his inner life and his outer usefulness. But a personal religion that hugs itself and forgets its neighbor, or tries to limit the definition of neighbor to its own kind or class or color, is altogether too personal, and too little religious.

But what it may be proper to say here is that the wise preacher will know how to use both these strings, and not to harp all the time on either one of them. If the woes of the world weigh so heavily upon him that he fails to cultivate the personal religion of his people, he neglects the greatest single motive for the correction of social injustice, and so defeats his own end. If he talks only about personal religion, and does not even allow his people to suspect that he knows there is anything wrong with the world, he comforts his people at the expense of the general good. Personal religion, liberal, progressive, so that it will last people as they grow older and learn more, and the application of Christianity to every detail of life, however near or however far away—these are the province of the preacher.

If any man has a bigger field, or a more interesting or significant one, I should be glad to know what it is.

# • WHO'S WHO in THIS ISSUE •

*SINCE 1911 Rev.* WILLIAM PIERSON MERRILL has been minister at the Brick Presbyterian church, New York city, his earlier pastorates having been in Philadelphia and Chicago. For many years Dr. Merrill has been an outstanding champion of international peace. Among his books are "Christian Internationalism," "The Common Creed of Christians" and "Liberal Christianity."

*From 1925 to 1932 Rev.* WILLIAM H. BODDY ministered in Chicago—at the Woodlawn Presbyterian and First Presbyterian churches. His present field is Westminster Presbyterian church, Minneapolis. Earlier pastorates were at Spokane, Wash., and at Portland and Hood River, Ore. Dr. Boddy is a member of the church extension board and the board of national missions of the Presbyterian Church in the U. S. A.

*Dr.* EDGAR J. GOODSPEED *has been* teaching in the department of Biblical and Patristic Greek at the University of Chicago since 1898; he has been chairman of the New Testament department since 1923. Dr. Goodspeed's "American Translation" of the New Testament, based upon the discovery that the New Testament was written in colloquial Greek rather than in solemn and stately language, made the book a matter of new and thrilling interest to thousands of readers throughout the English speaking world.

*Rev.* HARRISON RAY ANDERSON *received* his B.D. at McCormick (now Presbyterian) theological seminary, Chicago, in 1917. After a four years' pastorate at Ellsworth, Kan., he went to Wichita, where he ministered to the First Presbyterian church from 1921 to 1928. During the past six years he has led the activities at Fourth Presbyterian church, Chicago. The sermon included in this issue was preached at the Chicago Sunday evening club.

*After several years' missionary service* in Montana, Rev. JOHN C. EVANS entered pastoral service at Escanaba, Mich., and from there was called to Chicago to be locum tenens and associate rector of St. Chrysostom's church and religious editor of the Chicago Tribune. During the past year and a half he has been rector of St. Luke's church in the poverty-stricken building trades area of Chicago's west side.

*Ordained in the ministry of the South*ern Baptist denomination in 1900, Rev. RYLAND KNIGHT ministered to churches in Ashland, Ky., Richmond, Va., Clarksville and Nashville, Tenn., and St. Louis, Mo. During the past three years he has been pastor at Second Baptist church, Atlanta, Ga. Dr. Knight has been honored with a number of positions of responsibility in connection with the national activities of his denomination.

*After a brief pastorate in Indianapolis,* Rev. BURRIS JENKINS became a professor, then president of the University of Indianapolis (then Butler university). He was president of Kentucky university from 1901 to 1907, and then he reentered pastoral service; from 1907 to the present year he has ministered at Linwood Boulevard Christian church (now Linwood Community church), Kansas City, Mo. Dr. Jenkins has written a number of books, five of them being in the field of fiction. His latest novel, "Hand of Bronze" is only recently from the press.

*Rev.* RALPH MARSHALL DAVIS *was or*dained in the Presbyterian ministry in 1911, and has held pastorates in San Francisco, Boston, St. Louis and Chicago. He has been minister at the Church of the Covenant, Erie, Pa., since 1929.

*Rev.* CHARLES E. JEFFERSON *is honorary* minister at Broadway Tabernacle, New York.

*Rev.* CARL S. PATTON *is minister at* First Congregational church, Los Angeles.

# TITLES AND TEXTS

What Pulpit Readers are Preaching About

CLAUDE YOUNG, Methodist district superintendent, Lafayette, Ind. "Religion: a Form or a Force?" 2 Tim. 3:5—"For though they keep up a form of religion, they will have nothing to do with it as a force." (Moffatt.)

ALEXANDER E. SHARP, First Presbyterian, Columbus, Ind. "Some Things That Never Change." Heb. 12:28—"Let us, therefore, be thankful that the kingdom given to us cannot be shaken."

C. C. BARNHARDT, Eastwood Memorial Methodist (South), Caruthersville, Mo. "Go a Little Further." Mark 14:35—"And he went forward a little, and prayed."

C. H. MAURY, East End Presbyterian, Tyler, Tex. "What Is Eternal Life?" John 17:3—"And this is life eternal, that they might know thee the only true God, and Jesus Christ, whom thou hast sent."

FREDERICK J. NEAL, St. Lawrence Congregational, Portland, Me. "Cavalcade of Faith." Heb. 12:27—"The removing of things shaken . . . that those things which cannot be shaken may remain."

CORNELIUS H. WITT, Parkway Methodist, Memphis, Tenn. "The Wealth of Nothingness." 2 Cor. 6:10—"as sorrowful, yet always rejoicing; as poor, yet making many rich; as having nothing, yet possessing all things."

JAMES C. PERKINS, JR., Congregational, Regent, N. D. "Your Life: Peck Measure or Lampstand?" Matt: 5:15—"People do not light a lamp and put it under a peck-measure; they put it on its stand and it gives light." (Goodspeed.)

FOR YOUR SERMON AND TEXT

*Title of sermon*

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*Text used (Write out the text)*

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*Name of minister*

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*Name of church*

.....

*Address*

# The Editor's Page

## The Event of the Month

THE EVENT of this month—and of this year—is not a single happening; it is a tidal movement of all the nations toward war. None of us can read from week to week the news from Europe and Asia without deep anxiety. The Russo-Japanese tension has not been eased. The slaughter of more than 1,000 citizens in civil strife in Austria is more than an internal struggle. The whole European situation is involved in it. Italy has a stake in the outcome. Germany has an equal stake. Dollfuss, the dictator chancellor, has succeeded in suppressing the socialist opposition to his regime, but he now confronts an Austrian nazi opposition which has gained in strength by patriotic recoil from the terrible price in blood and property which Dollfuss has paid for the continuance of his rule. Behind Dollfuss stand Mussolini and Italian fascism. Behind the Austrian nazis stand Hitler and his German nazis who are ready to annex Austria to the German reich and so push Hitler's rule right up to the Italian boundary line. Austria is the cauldron within which a new war may be brewing. Britain is talking about unprecedented armament increases. France fears that the death of Albert may weaken Belgium's wholehearted identification with French interest. The United States is putting its army air service into the discipline of carrying the mails, and building the navy up to the maximum allowed by treaty. These are ominous times. Peace lovers in America must focus their attention upon committing this country to a political, military and *economic* neutrality in the event of strife.

**War Brewing in Austria Cauldron**

## The Book of the Month

THE BUDDHA AND THE CHRIST, *by Burnett Hillman Streeter. Macmillan, $2.00.*

EVERYTHING Canon Streeter writes is good reading for everybody and especially for Christian ministers. This book bears indirectly on the missionary problem which we are wrestling with today. But it is not cast in the mold of a missionary treatise. It brings Buddhism and Christianity into juxtaposition and compares them. The work is singularly free from prejudice, even from Christian bias. It is a truly objective study by a mind capable of entering with full sympathy into the spirit of a religion other than its own. Canon Streeter finds many highly interesting parallels and contrasts. Christ was a carpenter. The Buddha was a prince. They experienced life from different angles. The Buddha was a philosopher; Jesus, according to the author, had the mind of a poet. "Each for the sake of miserable humanity made the supreme sacrifice—the Christ in submitting to death, the Buddha by consenting to live." This basic parallel and contrast provides the theme of the entire study, for it epitomizes the respective world views of these founders of the two most powerful world religions. The characteristics of the two world views are examined in successive chapters, and the divergent conceptions as to conduct, pain and immortality are interpreted in terms of their corresponding world view. As a by-product of the author's treatment we are given a new sense of the vast debt which Christianity owes to Judaism, for he shows how Christianity is in many respects the extension in history of the dominant ideas and attitudes which are embodied in the Old Testament. The book leaves one with a high sense of the adequacy of Christ, while at the same time it is a beautiful illustration of the way in which two religions may meet on a level of deliberative equality to discuss their differences.

## A Thought for the Month

PROFESSOR ARTHUR E. HOLT calls the church the Society of the Holy Imagination. That is as fine a definition as I have ever heard. There are sermons in it. There is life in it. It lifts us out of our controversies. It gives us a broader and deeper vision of the function of the religious institution. It explains why we do many things which are otherwise not very clear. It explains worship, for one thing. Our worship deals with symbols, songs, sacred scriptures, ancient lore, ritual, holy days, prayers, communal acts. These all have their meaning in imagination. They express our desire to get out of the ruts of routine and to find refreshment and inspiration in new ways of looking at our lives. Imagination is the mind functioning creatively. It is the growing point of experience. Without it men are just mechanisms, mere robots. What we all need more than anything else is to have fertile and realistic imaginations. Religion provides the stimulus for this, and the church is the organized agency of it. The church's business is to keep men alive. Many men are already dead on their feet. They have ceased to grow, and growth is just another word for life. Do our church services kindle people's imagination? Do they lift people out of their dull monotony? Do they lure them with golden hopes into more adventurous ways? The thought of God should do this. The sense of belonging to a fellowship of kindred seekers after God should do this. The haunting dream of a Kingdom of God should do this. This is what all our preaching is for, and our praying and our singing—and our silence as we wait at the altar. They tell us it is an escape from reality! No, it is an *extension* of reality, an enrichment of reality, a transformation of reality—the birth of new reality. Our worship thrusts us out—but it also brings us back to our routine tasks, and the tasks are changed because we are changed. A society of the holy imagination!—is our church that kind of a society?

**The Society of the Holy Imagination**

Charles Clayton Morrison

# NEXT MONTH—The

# Congregational-Christian Number

## *of* The Christian Century Pulpit

In the APRIL Number of the PULPIT the editor again abdicates his role as selector of sermons in favor of several thousands of ministers. All the pastors listed in the Congregational-Christian year book were asked to select by ballot the *seven ministers* of their fellowship whom they would choose to represent them in the special Congregational-Christian Number, to be published next month. They have cast their votes, and have made their choice. The seven ministers selected are:

**CHARLES R. BROWN**
Emeritus Dean Yale Divinity School

**CHARLES E. JEFFERSON**
Honorary Minister Broadway Tabernacle, N. Y.

**ALBERT BUCKNER COE**
First Congregational Church, Oak Park, Ill.

**ALBERT W. PALMER**
President Chicago Theological Seminary

**JAMES GORDON GILKEY**
South Congregational Church, Springfield, Mass.

**CARL S. PATTON**
First Congregational Church, Los Angeles

**RUSSELL H. STAFFORD**
Old South Church, Boston

This Congregational-Christian Number is the second of a series of Denominational Numbers which are being published from time to time, along with the regular numbers. In January was published the Baptist Number. There are yet to come Northern and Southern Presbyterian Numbers, a Lutheran Number, Episcopal, Disciples, etc., etc.

The MAY issue will be a regular number, and will include seven sermons. There will be three special sermons suitable to the season—for Memorial Day and Mother's Day.

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